

The Tragicke

Dar. A boot (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my soule is full of sorow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt,
Kin. Then speake at once what it is thou demandest?
Dar. The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,
 Who flew to day a ryotous gentleman
 Lately attending one the Duke of *Norffolke*.
Kin. Haue I a Tongue to doome my brothers death,
 And shall the same giue pardone to a slaue;
 My brother flew no man his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was cruell death.
 Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
 Kneeled at my feete and bad me be aduisde?
 Who spake of brother-hood who of loue?
 Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
 The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
 Who told me in the field at *Tewkesbury*,
 When *Oxford* had me downe he rescued me,
 And sayd deare brother liue and be a King?
 Who told me when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he lapped me,
 Euen in his owne armes, and gaue him selfe
 All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluckt and not a man of you
 Had somuch grace to put it in my minde.
 But when your carters or your wayting vassailes
 Haue done adrunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious Image of our deare redeemer,
 You straight are one your knees for pardon, pardon,
 And I vnjustly too, must graunt it you.
 But for my brother not a man would speake,
 Nor I (vngratious) speake vnto my selfe,
 For him poore soule: the proudest one you all
 Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
 Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
 Oh God I feare thy Iustice will take holde
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (Exit.
 Come *Hastings* helpe mee to my closet, oh poore *Clarence*

of Richard the Third

Glo. This is the fruit of rawnesse: ma
 How that the guiltie kindred of the Q
 Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence*
 Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King
 God will reuenge it. But come lets in
 To comfort *Edward* with our company

Enter *Dutches of Yorke*, with *Clarence*

Boy. Tell me good *Granam*, is our F

Dut. No Boy.

Boy. Why doe you wring your hand
 And crie, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy son

Girl. Why doe you looke on vs as
 And call vs wretched, Orphanes, cast
 If that our noble father be aliuie?

Dut. My pritty Cosens you mistake
 I do lament the sicknesse of the King:
 As loth to loose him now your fathers d
 It were lost labour to weepe for one that

Boy. Then *Granam* you conclude th
 The King my vncle is too blame for thi
 God will reuenge it, whom I will impo
 With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King
 Incapable and shallow innocents,
 You cannot gesse who caused your fat

Boy. *Granam*, we can: for my goo
 Told me, the King prouoked by the Qu
 Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him
 And when he told me so he wept,
 And hugd me in his armes, and kindly
 And bad me relie on him as one my fat
 And he would loue me dearly as his chi

Dut. Oh that deceite should steale t
 And with a vertuous vizard hide foule
 He is my sonne, yea and therein my sh
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this de

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dis

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what